

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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GIPSY'S TENT



Our fire on the turf, and tent 'neath the hill,
Carousing by moonlight, so merry are we,
Let the lord boast his castle, the haron his hall,
But the home of the gipsy is widest of all.
We laugh o'er our cups, shout as loud as we will,
Till echo brings back from wood welkin and hill.
Then no joys seems to me like the joys that are spent,
To the wonderous life in a gipsy's tent.

Pant you for beauty, and where will you seek
Such bloom as you'll find on the tawny's girl's cheek,
Her limbs they move nimbly, and are bounding with health,
Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.
We have naught to control us, we rest or we roam;
Our will is our law, and the world is our home.
Even Job would repine at his lot if he'd spent,
One night of wild glee in a gipsy's tent.

Some crime and much folly may fall to our lot,
We have sins, and pray where is there one who has not?
We are rogues, arrant rogues, but remember 'tis rare
We take hut from those who can very well spare
You may tell us of deeds justly branded with shame,
But if great ones heard truth, you might tell them the same
For there's many a king would have less to repent,
If his throne was as pure as a gipsy's tent.

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